

Demon

by Toothless-Daydream-7

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Stoick, The Big Dragon

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-04-19 04:18:38

Updated: 2013-04-19 04:18:38

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:55:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,610

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A retelling of the battle with the Red Death, from the perspectives of multiple characters! Rated T for minor gore, and language.

Demon

****Hey there! First ever HTTYD fanfic! I've drabbled a little in fanfiction of other series, (Though sadly I've never actually finished a fic) and now I'm going to be delving into the HTTYD franchise, and this'll be my starting fic! ^-^****

****It's going to be relatively short, maybe 3-4 chapters max, but I'm scheming up some larger works in the background, so stay tuned!****

****Might as well start this off now, enjoy! Make sure to review the chapter and let me know what I can improve on! It's really helpful!****

****ooo****

-STOICK-

The sea gently gave, deceptive, hiding it's true deadly nature. Stoick knew very well what lay beyond these treacherous seas... And no matter what the cost, he would find it. Helheim's gate-It was just beyond this sea... For seven generations, it was always so close, and yet dreadfully far.

Stoick closed his eyes tightly, as the ships approached the fog. His thoughts were clouded with a wave of emotions towards his son. He loved him, yet hated him for his treachery, minded him for his insight, and yet shut him out in denial of a horrible truth. '_He had allied with the Dragons! For all that he gave him, as much as he encouraged him, it was all a trick. A lie! '_

Stoick shook his head, his ginger hair swaying back and forth. It was far too painful, but it was the dreadful truth. But the innocence in his son's voice, it almost made him doubt himself. '_What if he was at fault? What if_-'

Gobber started talking to him. He couldn't think, he was able to make out the word "Plan". His response was immediate. "Find the nest, and take it."

"Ah, yes, the traditional way." Gobber said warily. Stoick had no time to listen to Gobber, his thoughts were far too clouded.

And yet before his thoughts continued, a quiet grunt made it's way to his ears, and he snapped out of his train of thought, noticing the immediate struggle of the dragon, it suddenly perked up, like it had felt something... Was it... Leaning? '_Yes! It was leading them, this is what made this time different!'_

'What was he thinking, wasting his thoughts on his traitorous son!? He had no time for doubt. Helheim's gate awaits, he has an armada to lead!'

"Out of the way!" He bellowed, taking the wheel. He pushed his weight into the direction that the Dragon was leading towards. '_Prepare yourselves, Devils.'_

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-ASTRID-

The wind rushed against her face, the thrill of flight overcame her. It was different from last time. She now saw Hiccup's motivation in this grand sceme of things. She had thought she had the full package riding Toothless last night-But she was so wrong. It was worlds different. She was in control, she was the rider. She was having the time of her life, and yet it was bittersweet, with all of the joy that overcame her, she knew a hidden dread awaits behind the clouds. Snotlout, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut... they were all cheering. Laughing and messing around, all in good fun. _They have no idea what awaits them, they have not seen what she had seen. _

And the inexperienced group went on, laughing, drunkenly swaying from side to side on their dragons, cheering. Astrid prepared to face that thing... An abomination, a monster... She could not find the right word to describe it.

As she looked behind her, she saw. Hiccup was wearing the same solemn face, full of dread. As he noticed her watching him, he cheerfully looked over her shoulder and smiled, covering up the fear, the horror... '_A demon' _she thought, '_that thing... Is a demon.'_

"Astrid!" She heard Hiccup scream, snapping her out of her thoughts, right in time to quickly dodge a stone pillar-like formation. _That was too close..._

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-HICCUP-

He could sense her distress. She was, at the moment, second only to him as a Dragon Rider, and in comparison to the other teens she was completely extraordinary. But with her thoughts clouding her vision, she was a liability.

"Um, Astrid?" She spared him a look, "We're getting closer. I think it would be best if I took the lead, I know where they are keeping Toothless."

She simply nodded in response, without a word. She was afraid. He couldn't blame her.

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-STOICK-

They had reached land, an island revolving around a large Volcano. Stoick leaped magestically from the ship, landing perfectly. From the corner of his eye, he saw the slivering of a Terrible Terror within the cracks of the volcano. _'He made it. Stoick the Vast would be the Viking Chief to kill off the Dragons.' _His lips curled into a smile at the thought.

"We're here..." He said quietly, letting the glorious joy seep in, as his fellow Vikings began to unload from the ships and set up defenses.

"When we crack that mountain open, all hell is going to break lose." He warned, more excited than frightened. He no longer had a single stray thought about his son, _this was the Dragon's Nest... 'This confrontation will go down in history, forever' _he noted.

"In my undies. Good thing I brought extra's" Gobber replied. Stoick just looked at him.

After about half an hour, which seemed like centuries to the towering Viking Chief, they were ready. He stepped forward, and cleared his throat.

"However this ends, it ends TODAY!" He roared with pride, following which he recieved nods and cheers from his fellow warriors. The fun was about to begin.

He made a gesture with his hand, signalling the firing of the catapults, which shortly followed, successfully knocking a hole in the wall. Stoick stood before the hole, preparing for battle, before making another gesture. A ball of fire passed by his head through the hole, and he saw it. Hundreds, no, thousands of Dragons of all sorts. And he was ready for them.

"RYAAAAHHHHHHHHH" He boomed, as he charged into the nest. Dragons swarmed him, and he ferociously swung his hammer in all directions, failing to hit a single dragon, and before he knew it, it was over. The Dragons... Had retreated.

"Is 'hat it? Meh" Gobber sighed with relief

"WE DID IT!" He heard his brother, Spitelout, cheer, and roars of approval were yelled out by the Viking army. They had won so easily,

not a single casualty.

It was so easy. Too easy... Thoughts of his son flooded back into his head.

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--FLASHBACK-

'There's this... Thing, at their island dad. It's a dragon, but- '

'You've been to the Dragon's Nest?!'

Their ferocious argument played back in his head. And then it came to him, those words that chilled his very bones.

_'I promise you, you just can't win this one dad!'

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-STOICK-

He had cried in desperation. Hiccup may have been a weak, pitiful excuse for a Viking, but he always, always, knew what he was talking about. This was too easy, too smooth, too quiet. There was only one explanation.

No.

"This isn't over! Form your ranks, hold together!" He cried with all of his might, and just then, the ground shook. Wind blasted his face, pushing him back with the ferocity of a Monstrous Nightmare. From the hole, a terrible roar erupted.

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-SNOTLOUT-

The team carefully flew through the fog. As much as Snotlout absolutely hated Hiccup, he had to admit, this was really cool. He was riding a Monstrous Nightmare, the most ferocious known Dragon. He almost had to laugh at the others, Fishlegs on the Gronkle, and Tuffnut on the Zippleback. It looked ridiculous. But him? No! _ 'He was a badass riding on a red, flaming, horned Dragon.' _He looked to his right, in a huge toothy grin, directly at Astrid, who just scowled at him, and reached for her axe that she didn't bring with her.

_'She loved him, of course. She was just jealous that she had to ride on the stupid Nadder with Hiccup instead of on the awesome Nightmare with him.' _To this conclusion, he just smiled wider. But this time she smiled back. Filled with joy, his eyes widened, only to find himself face first into a rock formation, his Dragon roaring with complaint, as Astrid just laughed for the first time on this trip. What was up with that?

Snotlout scowled, but the scowl instantly changed to a sneer.

"Laugh all you want, you just wish you were on the cool dragon." The Nightmare roared in approval. Astrid's face went monotone, and she simply didn't respond. '_Obviously it was because he hit it spot on, she would sooo rather be with him on the Nightmare right now. He'd toy with her for now, but she'd get it eventually, if she's a good girl.' _Snotlout laughed at the thought.

"So, babe, how ab-" He was cut off by a terrible shriek, a horrible noise louder than any he had ever heard.

"Uhhh, what... Was that!?"

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-ASTRID-

Her annoyance from Snotlout's crude comments and gestures washed away. That was the Queen Dragon, she knew it. They were too late. She was about to say something, but no words came out. On her second attempt, Hiccup spoke right as she opened her mouth.

"That, is Death."

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What did you guys think!? Let me know! I very much hope you enjoyed, and I trust the characters weren't too OOC. Anyway, please review, and if you enjoyed, stay tuned for the next chapter! If you didn't, then hit that review button and tell me why!

End
file.